THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. JUNE, 1902. No. 6.

OUR LADY OF THE BELLS.

AVE MARIA, the sweet bells are so chiming,
They sound on the mountain, the lakeside and lea,
And up through blue ether the echoes far climbing,
Melodious ring o'er the charmed turquoise sea.

Ave Maria, the soul knows the power
Of mystical bells in the campanile high,
Whose notes wake the day and the rose in her bower,
And forth with the lark at the Angelus fly.

Ave Maria, we hasten to render
The honor God's Mother Immaculate claims;
Thy heart, the pure seat of love regnant and tender,
The love of Thy children with ardor inflames.

Ave Maria, with deep veneration,
We ever would come to thy privileged shrine;
Devoutly presenting the truest oblation,
Hearts—worth to thy SON more than gems of the mine.

Ave Maria, the chiming is ended
And jewel-tipped tapers Thy altar adorn;
May prayer rise as pure, with the sweet incense blended,
As dew on the rose or the breath of the morn.

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PEACE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

(*Continued*).

IN his letter to Father Mutius Vitelleschi, Father Bressani makes this reflection after describing his heroic sufferings: "I never thought that a man could hold on to life so long." As a matter of fact it is surprising that he could have withstood these awful torments, but what is still more astonishing is the perfect liberty and tranquillity of spirit manifested in the midst of his sufferings. "Although every minute," he said, "I was within two inches of death, my soul always preserved its freedom, and I was able to centre my mind completely on everything I did. My body was almost crushed with pain, and I could scarcely open my lips to recite the Our Father. But nevertheless I had perfect control over my thoughts. God gave me the grace to check the very first movements of indignation against my executioners, and even to inspire me with pity for them. Of course I was not insensible to pain but felt it keenly. Nevertheless I had such power to support it that the abundance of grace astounded me, and I found myself in the same state as David when he said, 'In the midst of my tribulations Thou hast dilated my heart.' I consider that was a greater grace than my escape from captivity."

Those words are the finest panegyric of Father Bressani that could be written. The Apostle and the Religious are revealed in them in perfection.

It is narrated that the Queen Regent Anne of Austria said to the ladies of her court when she heard the story of the captivity and deliverance of Father Jogues: "They are giving us romances every day which are nothing but lies; here is a story which is true, where the marvellous is united with the most wonderful heroism." The same could be said of the martyrdom of Father Bressani and it would be hard to resume in more fitting terms the long and painful sufferings of these two men.

Father Bressani did not remain in Europe long. New France which had been moistened by his blood was always the object

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of his thoughts, and he returned there the following year. Father Jogues had preceded him by a year having only one ambition, viz., to live and die in the land of his first labors and of his bloody struggle. In fact, one would judge from his words that his very sufferings added an attraction to that which possessed his heart before. Both of them had their hands mutilated, and that was a canonical impediment for the celebration of Mass. Their piety, of course, was distressed by this privation, than which there can be no greater for a priest. The Roman Pontiffs removed the obstacle. Urban VIII. said to Father Jogues, "It would be an unworthy thing to forbid a martyr of Jesus Christ to drink the blood of Jesus Christ." Innocent X. kissed with respect the wounds of Father Bressani, and said to him affectionately, "You have been mutilated for the sake of the Gospel, you ought not to be deprived of the honor of offering the Holy Sacrifice.

When the latter returned to Quebec towards the middle of 1645, a great event was being brought about, in consequence of which the pacification of New France seemed about to be assured. The Iroquois, the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Montagais, the Attikamagues and the Frenchmen were assembled at Three Rivers for a treaty of peace. The Governor, M. de Montmagny had convoked this assembly, as his allies were partly demoralized, and he himself could make no law for the Iroquois or punish them for any infraction. He had scarcely soldiers enough to make the French outposts be respected. Commerce and agriculture were suffering as a consequence of the war. There was no safety anywhere. The whole colony was longing for peace, provided it could be brought about without compromising the honor and dignity of France. An occurrence insignificant enough in itself, furnished the governor the means of entering into negotiations with the enemy. He had some Iroquois prisoners, one of whom was a chief. This latter he sent back to his country, enjoining on him to tell the different camps that if they wished to save the lives of other captives they must send without delay ambassadors with full powers to strike a treaty of peace.

The Iroquois federation was growing weaker every day.

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Although it had achieved some successes, it had suffered considerable loss, and the number of its warriors was notably diminished. In consequence a strong party, especially among the Agniers, was calling upon the others to bury the hatchet. The scheme of the Governor produced the desired effect. Two months later the chief whom he had sent presented himself to the commandant of Three Rivers, and with him were two other envoys of his tribe. They demanded an audience of the great Ononthio, as M. de Montmagny was called. At the meeting was another great chief, Kiotaceton, an indefatigable talker and the most cunning and tricky of his tribe. Among the deputies and dressed like an Iroquois was Wm. Couture, to whom the Indians had given his liberty. We might say here that Couture, as will be remembered, went when very young to Canada, and first worked on the Huron Mission. In 1640 his name was on the list of the *Donnés*. In the list of employments in which he was engaged, he figures sometimes as a carpenter, and sometimes as a general workman. He came now as the negotiator of peace with the Iroquois, and it was that that gained him his liberty. Being freed from his contract as a *Donné*, he married and became the father of a numerous family. This marriage was contracted with the full approval of the Fathers. He died at the age of ninety-four.

On the 12th of July the audience took place under a tent within the palisade. At one end sat the Governor, having at his side de Champfleur, Father Vimont, Father Jogues, and all the military staff in full uniform. Facing them at the other end were the Algonquins; the French and the Hurons took their places on the right and left of the great hall. In the middle the Iroquois envoys deposited their presents, viz., Fourteen collars of china. Kiotaceton arose. He turns his eyes to the sun, then takes the collars one after another, explains at great length the meaning of each, offers them to the Governor, and after having spoken, sung, and gesticulated like a buffoon during three hours, he demands that the clouds should disperse, and that the sun of peace should shine upon the entire country. His harangue ends by a dance in which all the Indians took part. On the morrow a great feast was offered by the Governor, both to friends and foes.

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On the 14th, there was a new reunion under the great tent· M. de Montmagny gives in return fourteen presents to the Iroquois, and then begins to discuss the articles of the treaty of peace. Piescoret, chief of the Algonquins of the Island, presents to the ambassadors some beaver skins and says to them in the name of the nation : "Behold I place a stone upon the grave of those who died in our last combat, so that no one will disturb their bones, and we shall lose the memory of what has happened and never more dream of vengeance." Negahamet, the Montagnais chief, then rises and offers five great moose skins. "Behold," said he to the Iroquois, "something to cover your feet and your limbs, lest you be wounded on your return, if perchance there be any stones upon the road which you have taken." Three salutes from the cannon of the fort announced the end of the session and the conclusion of peace and on the morrow the ambassadors embarked on their canoes and returned to their country. But the task was not over. Peace was concluded with the Agniers, but the other tribes held the tomahawk uplifted and the greater part of the chiefs of the allied nations of France were ignorant of what was passing at Three Rivers. Before the departure of the Iroquois it was agreed that the ambassadors would have the treaty ratified by the general assembly of the federated tribes, and that the Governor would submit it for the approbation of the Huron and Algonquin chiefs who had not taken part in the Three Rivers' convention. The second reunion for the confirmation of this peace was fixed on for the month of September. Until then every act of hostility was absolutely forbidden.

This was for the whole French colony a time of great consolation and of indescribable joy. The allies were happy also. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, and from Ottawa to Lake Huron, a general lassitude had come over the braves. Everyone was weary of war and were longing for the day when peace would return in the sombre and bloody forests of the New World. Of course the missionaries desired it more than anyone else, hoping in consequence of it to make the adorable name of Jesus Christ better known and revered among the Indians.

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Sixty Huron canoes loaded with peltries profited by this cessation of hostilities to go down to Quebec, and Father Lallemand, who had been named Superior General of the mission, instead of Father Vimont, arrived to assume the obligations of his new office. Before quitting St. Mary of the Hurons, he had transferred his authority there into the hands of Father Ragueneau. On the 20th of September the great convention assembled for the confirmation of peace. It took place under the presidency of the Governor of Quebec. At the end of the session the Iroquois chief arose, and looking at the sun steadily for sometime, said: "Ononthio, thou hast scattered the clouds; the sky is serene; the sun is beaming through the parted clouds. I see trouble no longer. Peace is established; everything is tranquil. My heart is at rest, and I go back satisfied to my country."

(*To be continued.*)

PAUL SIU.

Mandarin and Apostle.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. HORNSBY, S.J.

(*Continued*).

THUS is the memory of the illustrious Christian statesman preserved for his pagan fellow-countrymen; a page or two in the official annals, a public monument in his native city, and a standard work on agriculture. Such testimony is not much, to be sure, for the worth of a man whose ability raised him to the highest offices of state, but it is more than can be claimed for many a public man of high renown in his day, after the lapse of three centuries. If we turn now to the missionary records of Dr. Paul, as he was called, on account of his literary degree, by the fathers who knew him, our view of the man is far more satisfactory and complete. He stands before us in the robes of state of the last dynasty, as he is pictured in the well-known work of Duhalde, and, acquainted with the missionaries' account of him, we recognize in that modest coun-

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tenance and dignified bearing, a statesman of consummate prudence, an humble and devout Christian, and an apostle of generous and untiring zeal. Endowed naturally with an ambitious, enterprising spirit, when once converted he turned all the ardor of his generous nature to supernatural ends, to his own spiritual perfection and to the spread of our holy religion among his benighted fellow-countrymen. It should be noted to his praise, that his ability and superior qualities were such as to raise him to the highest offices of state, in spite of the fact that he was openly known to profess what was looked down upon as a foreign religion. Pages might be filled with an account of his virtues, his simple and solid piety, his zeal for the propagation of the faith, his love and profound respect for everything pertaining to religion. Twice he made the long journey to Macao, nearly a thousand miles from his home in Shanghai, and eighteen hundred miles from Peking; and though there were other reasons for his visits, he was personally largely actuated by motives of private devotion. He longed to see the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Church carried out in detail, with the full complement of ministers and acolytes. On one of these occasions, moreover, he made a spiritual retreat of eight days, going through the exercises of St. Ignatius.

To satisfy his devotion, he would have the Fathers in Peking live next to his own residence, and he opened a private door between the two houses, so that at any hour of the day or night he could pass into the domestic chapel unobserved. He would pass long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, even when charged with onerous duties of state. He was accustomed to begin the day with meditation, and at the daily Mass which he was accustomed to hear, he often took the part of the server himself, discharging that duty with edifying modesty and devotion. He practised corporal penances worthy of a recluse, fasting frequently, and using freely hair-shirts and disciplines. Accustomed as he was to ceremonious attentions, given and received in his official capacity, he was most particular in this respect in things of religion. A missionary returning from Rome brought him from the Sovereign Pontiff, Paul V, the

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Apostolic Blessing and paternal encouragement. To show his respect for the Vicar of Christ, Paul Siu wished to receive the blessing and message with all possible solemnity. He put on his richest robes of state, just as when he was to be admitted to an imperial audience, and he assembled all his family and a large retinue of his subordinates, all likewise in official dress. Then, on his knees and deeply moved, he received the blessing. He went through a similar ceremony on another occasion, when he received an autograph letter from Cardinal Bellarmine.

His zeal was untiring, inspired with the sincerest charity and directed with consummate tact. In the single year of 1623, he brought to the faith no fewer than a hundred and twenty-three persons of the lettered class, many of them being officials of high rank. A few years later a stimulus was given to his zeal by the remarkable discovery of an old Christian monument, dating from the eighth century. That famous tablet, brought to light so opportunely, enhanced the esteem of the Christian religion immensely, by proving that it was not new, that it had, in fact, been preached with imperial consent, during one of the most brilliant epochs of their national history. When, some years later, an iron cross was unearthed in one of the provinces, and the pagans did not know what to make of it, Dr. Paul was the first to publish a discussion of it, associating it with the famous tablet as proving the old standing of Christianity in China.

The zeal of our great Christian was not confined to his own land. The missions of Tonkin, then a tributary country of China, were suffering under a dire persecution. Paul used his influence in behalf of the afflicted neophytes, and wrote them letters of sympathy and encouragement. On one occasion there was question at Peking of sending a commission to Corea for reasons of state. Paul immediately offered himself, and would gladly have undertaken that arduous and disagreeable service, with the secret hope of taking a missionary with him, to open up that benighted land to the light of the Gospel. His preferments at court were all welcomed by him, and he refused no public labor, not out of a spirit of worldly ambition, but because he was assured by the missionaries, whose advice he

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followed with childlike confidence, that by accepting such honors he could render the most efficacious service to the cause of religion. Amidst all of his occupations he was never too busy to help the missionaries with his advice, his accomplished pen, and all his influence.

It may be remarked in passing, that Paul Siu was not alone in rendering such important services to the early missionaries. He was strongly seconded by other notable converts, particularly by one who ranked even higher than he as a scholar, but whose official charges were lower. That was Dr. Leo Li, as he is called in the missionary narrations, a Christian of the staunchest character and of great zeal. He took part with Siu in having the missionaries employed as astronomers, and he was one of their great aids in the active propaganda of the press. With such scholars at their service, Father Ricci and his earliest successors produced in a short time a number of valuable works. One early edition of their writings, published in a single collection, contained nineteen works, nine being purely religious and ten on scientific or literary subjects.

The death of our subject was in every way worthy of his noble life. He fell ill in the autumn of 1633, at the age of seventy-one and, seeming to foresee his approaching end, he resolved that his last efforts should be in behalf of his religion, infinitely dearer to him than his life. In answer to kind messages from the emperor, who was filled with solicitude at the prospect of losing his esteemed counsellor, Paul memorialized the throne in favor of the missionaries. He announced that their great work on astronomy was nearing completion, that 130 books had already been translated from European languages, and in view of the missionaries' services he begged for them the imperial favor. He requested, moreover, that he might be succeeded in the direction of the bureau of astronomy by a certain mandarin, whom he knew to be a zealous and devout Christian. His requests were immediately acceded to, and we have seen, from extracts already quoted, how sincerely the Emperor deplored the loss of his valued minister. After discharging this last duty for the good of the missions, he gave himself up to his own devotions, preparing

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with calmness and a certain holy joy for the approaching end. His pious, zealous life was crowned with a beautiful death, awaited and prepared for in sentiments of the purest peace and consolation. The funeral ceremonies were performed, by the Emperor's order, with great pomp, and a few years later his remains were conveyed to his native province, and interred with due Christian rites in their last resting place.

In his death the Jesuits sustained a heavy loss, the loss at once of a beloved friend and a powerful protector. Messages of condolence were received from all parts of China, from neighboring missions and from Europe. Even the Sovereign Pontiff had his regrets sent to the Fathers in Peking. The missions of Tonkin, which had experienced the charity of the great Christian in life, did not forget him after death.

Paul Siu left one son and a large family of grandchildren, so that his descendants are numerous in Shanghai and the vicinity. Many of them, alas! are pagans. Scarcely ten years had elapsed from Siu's death, when the empire was convulsed by the Tartar conquest. Then followed persecutions and enforced neglect of the missions, so that Siu's descendants in the fourth and fifth generations fell away in numbers from the faith of their illustrious ancestor. There are, however, several branches that have never wavered in the Faith, and one of the pleasantest recollections which the present writer retains of central China is that of a Christmas spent in the family of a Christian branch of Siu's descendants. They had their family record, which the Chinese keep with such care, and even the little boys could trace themselves back through three centuries of generations to the great founder of their family.

Of Siu's grandchildren, one is especially commemorated as a worthy imitator of the great Christian. That was Candida, the details of whose edifying life are preserved in a manuscript biography composed by a contemporary missionary. We are presented with a pretty picture of Candida, instructed in holy things, when quite a little girl, by her grandfather, who was struck with her precocious intelligence and early piety. She was married at the age of sixteen, and at thirty she was left a widow with eight little children. From that time to her

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death, a period of forty years and more, her life was a continued example of the most beautiful virtues than can adorn Christian widowhood. Needless to dwell on her tender piety, her personal devotion and private virtues. She had, moreover, caught or inherited from her grandfather his spirit of zeal, and she became in her own way a real apostle. And that not only in her own domestic and social circles ; she would be of service to the mission at large. Her munificence was really princely ; she built thirty churches or chapels in and around Shanghai, the home of her birth, and nine in other parts of the empire. She helped to organize and generously patronized the *Catholic Truth Society* of her day. It was an association of writers, organized under the patronage of St. Ignatius, and so prolific were their pens that in a short time they had published as many as eighty-nine works on profane subjects and 126 of a religious character. Many of them were translations from standard works on philosophy, history and commentaries on Holy Scriptures. The missionaries, of course, collaborated largely upon works of this class.

Candida's eldest son was a person of distinguished qualities, and he rose to the highest charges in the provinces, under the first Emperors of the present Tartar dynasty. His mother used to accompany him to his various seats of government, for the apostolic purpose of promoting missionary work throughout her son's jurisdiction. The effects of her work may be seen to this day in some of the most distant provinces, as in that of Sse-chuan, where she resided some time while her son governed the province. Governor as he was of the province—a province, by-the-way, larger than any state of our Union except Texas, and counting to-day a population as great as that of the whole empire of Germany—governor as he was of the province, he was not always master at home. It is related that on one occasion his mother, in holy indignation, instituted a little inquisition and burnt a large number of costly books, because she considered them tainted with superstition. He was a dutiful son, and tenderly devoted to his excellent mother. History compels me to relate, at the risk of marring the gravity of the narration, that once he manifested his dutiful love, in a

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way most characteristically Chinese, which we should not understand. He presented her on her sixtieth birthday with a handsome coffin.

This excellent lady closed her virtuous and useful life at the good age of seventy-three. She was attended by one of the Jesuits, whose missions she had through life so zealously and munificently patronized. She had ever held the Fathers in the highest esteem, and they in turn had looked up to her as, in a way, the mother of many of their cherished works. She had been particularly devout to St. Francis Xavier, and she once manifested her devotion to St. Ignatius by sending to the chapel of the saint in Rome a beautiful chalice of exquisite workmanship. There is something particularly touching in such an act, as also in the intercourse which her grandfather had with the Church in Rome; it is touching as showing how the neophytes in this ancient and exclusive empire, wrapped up in the pride of its own antiquity, were free from the foolish prejudices of their surroundings, and counted themselves happy as simple children of the Church of Rome.

The Church in China to-day, however fast her members may be multiplying, is far from counting among her devout children ministers of state, or in fact acting mandarins of any description. The soul of the humblest of our neophytes, it is true, is worth as much as that of the Emperor, yet for purposes of propagating the faith, it cannot be denied that conversions in high places are greatly to be desired. A Catholic Li Hung-Chang would be a veritable host in himself for the good cause. Though catechumens are springing up by the thousands in some provinces, still the official ranks are quite untouched. Indeed, under the present system, and according to prevailing notions, it would be almost impossible to have Christian mandarins, and consequently to have conversions of high and low, of lettered and unlettered alike. But we do not know what changes may be in store for China; the time for a more general movement towards the truth may be nearer than we think. The blood of the just shed so freely two years ago—the blood of so many heroic bishops and priests, of steadfast Christians by the tens of thousands, who died, if not in every instance directly for

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the faith, at least for their association with the missionaries—may prove efficacious for the conversion of many. Never before was so much Christian blood shed in China, I do not say at any one time, but not even throughout all the three centuries of the mission's history. Persecutions in China were never violent and bloody, as in the neighboring empire of Japan; it was only here and there, now and then, that a few—relatively few—martyrs were crowned. But in the dreadful summer of 1900, single vicariates could count their thousands of victims. In five instances the chief pastor fell with his flock, and a great many priests, and some religious, men and women, made the supreme sacrifice for the faith they had preached and the charity they had practised. Let us hope then, and pray that, whatever turn things may take in China, better times may be in store for the missions, and that the Church in China may at no distant date be consoled for past trials, by seeing not only a rapidly increasing number of children, but also in the higher ranks zealous and noble Christians, like the subject of this sketch.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S EGG.

I MARVELLED, from this bit of amethyst blush,
A careless touch may crush,
A chilling breath may blight,
One day shall spring a song to sudden flight,
A little life shall come into its right,
And soaring on glad wing,
Shall through the fields the praises of the Master sing.

And looking up to the blue sky above,
A thought as bright as love
Wove me a magic spell.
In that fair cerulean arch a shell,
The inner lining of a mighty cell
Through which our souls ere long,
Shall burst into eternal sunlight and sweet song.

CHARLES ELMER JENNEY.

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THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued.*)

The Eighth Station.

Jesus Meets the Daughters of Jerusalem.

JESUS arose, and going forward with a new courage, had passed beyond the walls of the city. A hundred steps from the gate, at the spot where the road to Calvary becomes steeper, He perceived a group of weeping women, who were coming to meet Him; some of the faithful, no doubt, perhaps mothers whose little children He had caressed, perhaps that widow of Naim, to whom He had restored the son, whom they were even bearing to the tomb. He recognized them, saw their tears, He thanked them with a look, and then, revealing the thoughts that filled His soul, in a voice penetrating and sweet: "Ah, daughters of Jerusalem," He said to them, "weep not for Me, weep for yourselves and your children. For quickly shall sad days come to Jerusalem. You will then cry out, 'Blessed are the barren, blessed the womb that has borne no children, blessed the women that have not nourished children.' You will cry to the mountains 'Fall on us,' and to the hills, 'Cover us.'"

And this was but a touching echo of the prophecies made two days previous: "Let those who are in Judea flee to the mountains! Let those who are in the city leave it. Let those who are in the fields not enter it! Those days will be days of vengeance! Woe to them that are with child or who give suck in those days. . . . They shall fall beneath the sword . . . the Gentiles will lead them away captive, for Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the nations be fulfilled."

While Jesus was speaking, a deep silence fell on the crowd. The Jews heard His voice, but they hated the prophecies of evil, and they answered Jesus by hootings and shameful banterings. Later on, when the days shall have arrived, another Jesus, the son of Ananus, in the midst of the silence and the solemnities of the feast of the Tabernacles, will arise to proclaim in his

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time, "Woe to the city! Woe to the temple! A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four quarters of the earth, woe to Jerusalem!" They will scourge him, but at each blow of the rod he will cry in a most mournful voice, "Woe to Jerusalem!"

During four years he repeated the cry; in the public square, along the streets, on the ramparts, everywhere, and everywhere the same most sorrowful tone. One day to that cry of "Woe to Jerusalem" he added a second, "Woe to me." A rock hurled from a Roman machine had struck him—he fell, rigid.

Some days later Jerusalem and the temple were destroyed, amid the flames of a mighty conflagration.

In diverting His thoughts from His own sufferings to those of others the Master teaches us a wonderful means of sweetening the sufferings of our lot. Like Him, let us put aside all consideration of our own griefs, and consider what other souls suffer.

We are so inclined to believe ourselves the most unhappy of men! We believe so easily that our miseries are exceptional, that no one else suffers as we do; our life appears most hard.

Alas! no; let us be as unhappy as we may, we are no exception to our fellow men. It is the lot of all; we are all suffering.

Without doubt, God does not dispense to all the same measure of suffering, but no one is exempt from it. All have not the wound in the same part of the soul, but all are wounded and bleed. Our mistake comes from this, that we look at the world amiss. A mother loses a child whom she loved. She looks at a mother to whom God has granted that all her children should live; she does not consider the other who had three, four or five, and beheld them all dying at the same age, one after another, of the same disease.

A wealthy family is ruined during a crisis. . . . It casts its eyes on those whose fortune has suffered no harm, who can continue all the excesses of their luxury, while it itself must curtail its expenses and resign itself to a moderate way of living. It does not consider the poor, who pass their days with scarcely a mouthful of bread.

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Oh, consider the poor! Here is the great resource for the soul that suffers.

To think about them, to interest oneself in their miseries, to aid them, to speak to them and to listen to them, to give them help, to nurse them, to make oneself their friend, to sacrifice oneself for them, to serve them as Jesus Christ served them, in fine to love them—for one comes very soon to love them!

You can scarcely understand how the care of the poor, the love of the poor, the visitation of the poor, above all, can sweeten a deep and secret sorrow. Granted! but I ask you to undergo the experience, go thither, go as a friend and you will feel what you were not able to understand.

I appeal, moreover, to all the members of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, to all those Christian women who love to be called the Ladies of the Poor. What scenes might they depict if they would—emotions sweet and strong, a virtue powerful and consoling, which they have found in those attics and in those hovels where they visited the unfortunate.

Almsgiving . . . it is good . . . but, bestowed from afar, it is so very little. Approach closer to poverty and misery, and the sight of these souls, more unfortunate than you, and who bear their misery with courage, frequently with joy, will teach you how you ought to suffer.

Among the poor of this world are not only those poor in body, those who are hungry and thirsty, those who are naked. Surely this is a sad destitution, and one which appeals to your mercy. According to the beautiful saying of Bossuet, "God has committed the poor to the rich and has assigned the superfluities of the one for the life of the other," *Ut fiat æqualitas* (1) that there may be an equality.

There is a poverty, a destitution, sadder still, a moral poverty and destitution, a poverty and a destitution of soul. How many men are thus impoverished, ignorant or at least forgetful of their faith, of their duty, of their destiny! How many men are in hunger and thirst for the truth, the light for good counsel.

Think then of these; if you are rich in these higher gifts

II Cor. viii: 14.

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bestow them on these; give them this alms so precious. Oh, how niggardly we all are of this currency even towards those we love. And what is altogether singular is the strange way in which we love them. From fear of opposing them, of paining them, of estranging them, we let them slip on quietly to their ruin. A prudent and mild reproach, a loving and sincere word would save them, and we are silent!

This is an apostolate of which God has given us a direct charge with regard to our brethren: Behold it. Learn not to fail in it.

How none of the miseries of man leave us insensible! How every suffering of our brethren finds an echo in our heart! It cries, go to his help! Let us detach ourselves from ourselves, let us go to others. We suffer and others suffer, let us forget our own suffering and let us console the sufferings of others. Believe me, at the first attempt, our own will find consolation.

"It is a great alleviation," says an old writer, "to have a companion in pain." Let us seek then these well-beloved companions of our misery, and with them follow Christ who points out the way.

You wish consolation and relief: there they are: love, serve Jesus Christ, in His poor! poor of body, poor of soul, poor in riches, poor in prosperity.

Ninth Station.

JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME.

From the Judiciary gate to the summit of the hill of Calvary, there is a distance of about two hundred paces. It was about the middle of the journey that Jesus met the women of Jerusalem. He was reaching its end, when a third time His knees bent beneath Him and He fell.

They raised Him again, they put on Him again His cross and under the pushing and thrusting of the soldiers, He completed His journey.

. . . .

Why that third fall of the Divine Master? Why recall to us again the lesson which two falls had already given us? Do

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we not know that our courage will fail, that we must rise unceasingly? Yes, we know it, but we do not know it sufficiently; and very frequently, to see us at our work, one would say that we did not know it at all.

Oh! when we are at peace we reason so well about all these things; we see in our memory our past sufferings, and what little wisdom we have shown in our abandonment; it is in these moments that we make our strongest resolutions: henceforth we shall have courage, we shall be on our guard against the weakness of despondency into which we formerly fell. . . we shall know how to suffer when the time comes! . . . Alas, and when the time comes, all our beautiful fervor vanishes like smoke! Our knees do not support us, we fall, we lie stretched out on the ground and we remain there groaning.

The great danger of our relapses, of our failures, does not lie in the relapse itself, nor in the failure itself. These weaknesses are so characteristic of men, and the example of the Master shows sufficiently that He pities them!

The danger is not in a fit of discouragement, which passes and which one overcomes: it is in the discouragement which remains and from which one does not rouse himself. Now, though it is so humiliating for a man to remain, without energy, without vigor, supinely on the ground, bathed in tears, yet the temptation to do so comes to him so quickly; comes to him under such sweet forms: "What good will it be for me to rise, if I am going to fall again?" he says to himself, or perhaps, not throwing any cloak over his moral slothfulness, "I have no longer courage to rise, I have no more courage to take heart!" This softness, this cowardice, this lack of nerve, this repugnant shrinking of the human will in the presence of suffering is not, alas, a very rare spectacle in this world.

And yet, it is the death of the soul. What can a soul any longer do, that thus abandons itself? It has no longer any elasticity or fire; it stagnates. Ah! let us never yield to this positive discouragement, which dries up within us the roots of life. Let us struggle, let us struggle even to the last hour. Let us rise when we fall, let us rise again, let us rise continually . . . within the very sight of death as did Jesus Christ, let us rise!

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I have said that our repeated falls in the path of virtue lead us soon to love evil, or at least to commit it without sensible regret: it becomes as it were an integral part of our life, we are made so accustomed to it.

To arrive at a point in which he no longer feels that he is yielding, that he is falling, indicates a great failing in a man.

Nevertheless, there is a degree lower still, and a fall more complete. It is when one, having accustomed himself to evil, even so far as to avow that he no longer knows he is doing wrong, seeks within himself to justify the evil. It is no longer his will only which is corrupt, from the force of self-debasement. It is the intellect which has perverted and blinded itself through love of passion. To do evil is nothing now for that soul, it seeks to excuse the evil, to palliate it, to declare it guiltless, to make it almost a virtue.

Let us look well into our hearts, let us see there that effort of a corrupted will, seeking in its turn to corrupt the intellect. The motive which urges man to attempt that new perversion is evident. Howsoever rare may be the stings of remorse in a soul given up to evil, they are too numerous for it. Conscience is such a troublesome visitor! But whence comes remorse if not from the intellect which sees the evil and cries out to the soul: "You are doing evil, you are loving evil, you are giving yourself up to evil." Ah, if the intellect would see less clearly! If it did not have that invincible certainty, if evil could appear as inoffensive, as legitimate, as a lawful pleasure, it would not cry out so, it would not stir up remorse, and we could let ourselves run along so easily in the course of the passion which is luring us on.

The interest then which can prompt a man to pervert his intellect is very clear. But does he succeed?

Yes, in a measure sufficient to assure a sinner a certain dullness of conscience and stupor to which he yields himself making a plaything of his eternity. Ask the world about such and such a fault most dear to human passion—it will tell you that it is an insignificant evil, that it is not an evil at all—that it would be a mark of great severity to think of reprehending it. Try, with such an abandoned sinner, to make him under-

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stand the horror of his vices—he opens his eyes, he smiles: you speak to him in a language that he has forgotten! And how many crimes are thus committed by these men, who, wearied of the light which condemned them, have loved the darkness better and have at last found it.

To commit evil through weakness: the first fall of human dignity. To love evil: the second fall. To justify evil: the final fall and almost irreparable, for in driving away remorse, the soul banishes the only spur which can urge it to rouse itself and live a new life.

If we do not wish to fall into such a sad excess, let us watch over ourselves: our repeated falls will lead us thither almost inevitably, unless after each one of them, rising and renewing our courage we make it stronger each time and keep it continually greater. The energy of our combat against ourselves, ought to be proportionate to the number of our falls. Alas! and so frequently we let our falls, one after the other, throw a new heap of ruin over our energy.

. . . .

This greatness of a man falling and still falling again, of which we have ourselves had sad experience, ought to inspire in us for the faults of others an extreme indulgence. How we would be on our guard against disdain, contempt, the bitter reproaches which rise so easily in our hearts when we see evil done! And are we then so guiltless?

Without doubt one should feel a horror for wrong, for evil, for sin, but what great pity should he have for men! Do we not feel within ourselves how easy it is to fail! How quickly we slip, how soon we fall! And we do not pity those who fall! And if they rise again—shall we not forget their fall? Shall we repeat it continually to ourselves and to others so as to perpetuate the hateful remembrance of it? Is it thus that Jesus acted with Mary Magdalen? Yet what was Magdalen before her repentance?

Oh! let us be kind and indulgent to others! Let us see how Jesus Christ acts towards us all! Even towards those who accuse and condemn Him, even towards those who torture Him, who strike Him, who spit in His face, even towards those who [illegible]oing to crucify Him!

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ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM AURIESVILLE.

April 28.—"I have started the well in the ravine where the springs come to the surface, and I think it will be a splendid well. When finished we can erect a rustic covering over it."

April 30.—"The well above the statue of St. Joseph is finished: It is quite near the fence, and gives very nice water, which we can lead by pipe to any point along the road you wish. To-day we are draining the field between the old Shrine and the Calvary."

April 28.—"The old Indian well and the one below it near the hickory tree, just east of the line of the Stations, has been cleaned and walled about, so that we have now an abundance of water in every part of our grounds."

May 8.—"You may judge of the supply of water in the well below in the ravine by the fact that it is fourteen feet deep and nine feet in diameter. When digging it, we kept this space clear of water all day, but during the night it would fill and overflow before morning. No pump will be needed here, as more than enough water will run over to supply all the pilgrims."

May 19.—"I have finished all we had agreed to do except the changes in the hotel. The garden about it has been new soiled and planted, and all looks very well. The trees we transplanted are doing remarkably well. The flag pole has been moved forward and the space whereon it stood is now clear.

"We had two Indian visitors Saturday with Mr. Van Horn. One was a Mohawk, and the other a Cayuga. They seemed to be very much interested in the Indian village site and will call again some time next month."

The circular promised in the PILGRIM for May will be issued early in June.

How untrustworthy the new edition of Appletons' Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas is our readers may learn by reading in *The Messenger* for June, the article "Poisoning the Wells." Those who know the history of the missions in the Mohawk Valley will be surprised to find that the name of Le Moyne has been omitted from this Cyclopædia. Marquette is mentioned,

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but in such a way that one would scarcely suspect he was the explorer of the Mississippi.

The Rev. Arthur E. Jones has issued a corrected portion of his map of the sites of the Huron Missions, and we hope after verifying some of his findings to publish a copy and explanation of this map in the PILGRIM. He has used in the preparation of this map the pamphlets of Mr. Andrew F. Hunter, M.A.

We are in receipt of a brochure from the Shrine of Notre Dame de Foy near Dinant, giving an account of the statue and pilgrimages there. It will be remembered by our readers that this statue was the original of the statues first brought to the missions among the Mohawks, and we hope soon to give our readers an authentic history of the shrine and statue.

CONTRIBUTIONS, ETC.

Among the contributions for the Shrine is a thanks-offering "for a temporal favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, Father Jogues and all who suffered at Auriesville."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss D.,	$1.00
J. F., New York,	5.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

I. S., Libertytown, Md., several pieces of gold.
P. F. S., Utica, N. Y., a gold pencil.
M. McL., Troy, N. Y., fifty pieces of jewelry.
F. L., New York, several pieces of jewelry.

MISSION NOTES.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY KILLED IN CHINA.

The rumor of the massacre of another Jesuit missionary in the mission of southeastern Che-li is confirmed by the Procurator of the mission, Father Desmarquets. This last martyr was Father Lomüller who, before he became a religious, had been a surgeon-major in the French army. He was fifty years of age, and had been for thirteen years a missionary in China. The report is that he had left a fortified Christian village to visit another mission when he was slain, and that his head was afterwards carried on

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a pole by the rebels. At the same time another missionary, Father Fink, disappeared. No news has been received of him, and it is feared that he, too, has been killed. Although according to the last despatches the rebels have been repressed, the state of China is anything but reassuring.

MONSIGNOR FAVIER'S RECEPTION BY THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.

After the return of the Empress to Pekin, Bishop Favier and his coadjutor, Bishop Jarlin, were received in audience by the Emperor and Empress, on February 23. A few days before Monsignor Favier had received the dignity of Mandarin of the first class, a dignity conferred on princes, and seldom on foreigners. The following is the Bishop's own account of his reception :

" Escorted by several mandarins who had been sent to meet us, we entered the palace by the western gate, where we left our chaises. Twenty mandarins of the first class were awaiting us and ushered us to the apartment of Prince Ksing, who was to introduce us to their majesties. Clothed in purple cassocks and robes, we followed the Prince into the throne room. One end of it, separated from the rest by draperies, is set apart for the meetings of the State Councils ; that is where we were received.

"Their majesties were seated on a throne covered with embroidered yellow silk, the Dowager Empress on the right, the Emperor on the left. A little table was before them. Having made three bows we approached the throne, and at once I began to express our gratitude to the Empress and the Emperor for the great favor shown us by granting the audience. I congratulated them on their return to Pekin, and thanked them for the decrees enacted in favor of the Christians.

"The Empress deplored the troubles of the last years and assured us repeatedly that they would not occur again. She added :

" 'I perceive that the doctrine you are teaching is excellent, that the Bishops and missionaries are very good men and lead the people to do good. All the mandarins have told me that you are most just, having for so many years decided all questions with a perfect equity and love of peace which have won universal esteem. I have known you by reputation, and for a long time have wished to see you. I am very much pleased at having done so.'

"In the course of our conversation I had informed the Empress that Pope Leo XIII, ninety-two years old, had asked me about

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her ; so her last words were : 'I wish that the Pope may have many days to live full of peace and happiness.' "

The Empress assured Monsignor Favier that he might rely upon her protection, and that in future the peace of the Christian Chinese would not be disturbed.

On the following day an official letter was received from Prince Tsin, written at the instance of the Empress, and announcing that further dignities had been conferred on the two Bishops.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

The three West Indian Islands, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, recently purchased by the United States from Denmark, lie a short distance to the east of Porto Rico, and belong to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Roseau in the island of Dominica. Dominica is the neighbor of ill-starred Martinique. It is estimated that the Catholic population of the three newly-acquired islands is about 17,000. *Church Progress* (May 3) announces the consecration of a new Bishop of Dominica, and gives interesting details of his life and projects :

"Much interest attaches in this country to the elevation of Mr. Schelhaut to the list of bishops. The ceremony took place recently in the Redemptorist Church at Brussels, and he becomes Bishop of Roseau, Dominica Island, W.I. This interest arises from the fact that Bishop Schelhaut will have jurisdiction over the West Indian Islands which the United States recently purchased from Denmark.

"The new bishop, who is a Belgian by birth and a member of the Redemptorist Order, spent nineteen years in the Lesser Antilles in a missionary capacity. He therefore knows the needs of the territories over which he will rule as chief pastor. That knowledge, coupled with the fact of the transfer of some of the islands to the United States, make him desire to secure American priests, or at least priests imbued with the American spirit. He addressed himself to that end to the American College of Louvain, where he has been given good hopes to secure the recruits he looks for.

"The diocese of Roseau contains about 48,000 Catholics and is composed of the islands of Dominica, Antiqua, Montserrat, St. Christopher, St. Thomas and St. Croix. The islands recently purchased contain about 17,000 Catholics, and have a number of academies and high schools."

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AN AFRICAN KING WRITES TO POPE LEO.

King Samuel of Onitsha in Lower Nigeria (West Africa), lately converted to the Catholic faith, received from Pope Leo a magnificent picture of the Blessed Virgin, in February, 1901. The convert king was much affected by the gift and fatherly encouragement of the Pope, and in a letter recently published pours out his gratitude, his joy in his new-found faith, and his confidence in the success of the Catholic missions in his country. Addressing Pope Leo as "the Head of the true Church of Jesus Christ," he says:

"Among all the African kings I am fortunate because you have had the great kindness of presenting me with this picture of the Blessed Virgin and especially because you have given me your paternal blessing. This picture of our good Mother will always hold the place of honor in my house and I shall unceasingly ask of my powerful advocate her assistance in the faithful discharge of all my duties. My people are now receiving Christian instructions. The schools are filled with children and a great crowd of people assist every Sunday at the divine service. It is a truly consoling spectacle for a Christian king to see his people thus cultivating religion and turning their backs upon the idols.

"I have also great pleasure in informing you that the law against the killing of twins is now strictly obeyed and that Chief Obi-Fatou of Nsoube, the neighboring village to Onitsha, has been baptized and is a fervent Christian. The great majority of his people are ready to follow his example. The chiefs of Ogidi have given orders that the missionaries for whom they are building a house shall be received. All the settlements on the Niger are now disposed to receive the Gospel. Send them, Most Holy Father, a still greater number of missionaries that they may take possession of these villages in advance of the Mussulmans and of the various Protestants sects, such as the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, African Church and the Episcopalians of the Church of England. These sects are everywhere doing their best to get ahead of the Catholic Church. They are ten times more numerous than the Catholic priests, but with your blessing and under your orders the true Church will be stronger than all others and she will be everywhere victorious as she is now at Onitsha, Ossomari, Nsoube, Agouleri, Ikem, Ogidi, and in other places with a population of from ten to fifteen thousand souls.

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"Bless me, most holy and well beloved Father, bless me as well as my subjects, bless also our dear mission with its fathers, its brothers and its sisters, so that the Niger may become one of the most flourishing Catholic countries."

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* announce (May–June, 1902) that the total amount contributed during 1901 by the Catholic world for the foreign missions is $1,345,733 ; something less than during the preceding year. Much of this sum—apparently the far greater part—represents the offerings of the poor and the working people. The contributions from the United States have increased. In 1901 they were larger than in any preceding year. Some dioceses are, however, not at all up to the mark ; and it is, no doubt, only required that the importance of work be brought to the notice of the people in order that their generosity may be awakened.

Of the above-mentioned offerings for the propagation of the faith, France contributed $791,236, the diocese of Lyons, as usual, leading all the others. Its share was $85,922. Our offering from the United States is $77,000. The most generous of all the dioceses is Boston, which gave $20,805. Next comes Baltimore, with $3,740.

The *Annals* give the following impressive words of Bishop Le Roy, Superior-General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, who delivered recently an eloquent sermon in favor of the Propagation of the Faith :

"Our Lord Jesus Christ commenced the Propagation of the Faith when He founded the Church ; or rather He founded the Church for the Propagation of the Faith. . . . This is why the constitutive elements of the Church, Pope, bishops, priests, religious, nuns, faithful, while keeping for themselves the sacred deposit of the Christian faith, must strive to communicate it to as many souls as possible. No one may disregard that mission under the fallacious pretext that that apostolate will impoverish ourselves in men and resources. There is nothing to oppose to such a clear and formal command as this : 'Go and teach all nations and baptize them.' . . . Therefore, let us confess it, it is a cause of deep humiliation for all Christians to see that nineteen centuries after Christ died on Calvary and sent His messengers to announce that heaven is open, there are still eight hundred

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millions of men who never heard of it. Can there be a more sorrowful spectacle for a true follower of Christ? There can be one; and it is to see Christians, good Christians, even priests, who remain perfectly indifferent at that spectacle."

APPEALS FROM CUBA.

In Cuba and Porto Rico a determined effort is made to rob the Catholic natives of their faith. With a strange zeal, Protestants who have themselves no definite creed, who can scarcely agree on any point of religion amongst themselves and very many of whom deny the divinity of Our Lord or doubt about it, look upon the newly acquired territories as expressly opened by heaven to the light of the Gospel. They are succeeding with great rapidity and inevitably in destroying Christianity at home by their unceasing and radical contradictions. Careless as many of our Spanish-speaking Catholics may be, they are far more religious than American Protestants. Their religion, too, is advancing with enormous strides in the United States, and is gaining every day more widely and deeply the respect of Protestants. But such is the traditional obliquity of spiritual vision through senseless prejudice in many people, that they esteem it a work most acceptable to heaven to uproot the Catholic faith from amongst the unfortunate people who have already had to bear many temporal as well as spiritual ills.

It is only too easy to close our eyes and hearts to the needs of our fellow-Catholics. We are assured by letters recently received from the Dominican Fathers now at work in Cuba that the principal cause of religious indifference is the lack of religious training amongst a people ill-provided with priests, scattered widely over country districts, and long agitated by political disturbances. The Protestants saw immediately the influence which they would acquire by schools in seizing upon the rising generation. The adult Cubans, like all their fellow-Catholics, can see nothing in the endless contradictions of the Protestant sects to win their conviction; but the needy and the children may be led away in the present crisis of want and unrest. The needs of our fellow-Catholics in the newly acquired territories call aloud for our most intelligent and devoted efforts.

PORTO RICO.

We take from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* the following account of Porto Rico:

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"Porto Rico, with an area about twice as large as the State of Delaware; with a widely scattered rural population; with priests numbering less than one to every six thousand people; with an influx of scores of Protestant missionaries; with feeble resources to oppose to their ample wealth, Porto Rico in this condition has to face problems which should stir our deepest sympathy.

"As a step toward preserving the faith, the Porto Ricans, who are fully alive to the dangers that confront them, have commenced to organize Catholic societies throughout the island. They also have felt the need of federation, and on the 2d day of March, 1902, a meeting of their most prominent citizens was held in San Juan under the presidency of the Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. H. Blenk, S. M. Judges, lawyers, bankers, doctors, merchants, etc., numbering about four hundred in all, attended. In the words of an eyewitness, 'It was the grandest religious manifestation ever beheld on the island, and showed clearly that, whatever may have been said, religious faith is thoroughly alive in the hearts of the Porto Ricans, whose only desire is to remain faithful children of the Catholic Church.'

"The main object of the meeting of the newly founded federation is, in the words of its president, Dr. Saldaña, 'to preserve and propagate the Catholic faith, and promote the practice of Christian virtues under the guidance of the Catholic Church.'

"A distinguished lawyer, Mr. J. Guzman Benitez, speaking on the duties of Catholics, affirmed to the applause of all, 'that if the Porto Ricans were happy to live under the American flag, if they were ready to admit modifications in their laws, and to adapt themselves to American customs, never would they give up the faith of their forefathers. Nothing is more absurd than to assert that the arrival in our island of the Americans must mean the exit of our religion.' Other addresses were delivered to devise means for the financial support of the Church, heretofore maintained by the Spanish government; for the adoption of American methods in Sunday-school work, Catholic societies, etc. Resolutions were adopted on each one of those points, and commissions appointed to carry them out. Finally, a telegram was sent to the Pope to declare the inviolable fidelity of the Catholics of Porto Rico to the Vicar of Christ. Meetings have been held in other parts of the island, and the formation of societies for affiliation with the general organization is steadily going on."

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